

# Ball Wit Me

## Trina

Ball with me playboy  
What's stoppin' you?  
You got a case of Cris  
You need to pop a few  
Look here I'll pop a few  
If you pop a few  
Nigga I'll buy the bar from 1 to 2  
Look here I'll buy the bar from 2 to 4  
You know this pimp shit, easy  
It's beautiful  
Roll with me playa  
What's stoppin' you?  
You got a case of Cris  
You need to pop a few  
Spittin game to a stallion  
Sippin' on half a gallon  
Ice medallion, iceburg Italian  
Handlin' knots in the gamblin' spots  
Gettin' loose with a twenty pack handlin' blocks  
Hit a nigga in the head with the stainless steel  
Slaning packs while the Po-po's changin' shifts  
Caked up at the bar, nigga let all them hoes  
It's the adominal snowman, everything frozen  
Gettin' off glass with the Crissy crunk  
Got three, four dike bitches pissy drunk  
Got them hoes kissin' cunts and twistin' blunts  
When them hoes get ghost I don't miss them stunts  
Cause I pick up sluts in pickup trucks  
Put dick down your throat bitch, hiccup nuts  
Bitch what? I'mma give you some play  
Out the exotic player clique and that 2-4-K  
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What's stoppin' you?  
You got a case of Cris  
You need to pop a few  
Uh hoes envy, draped in a coat, fit me  
In the Rolls Bentley sittin' on twenties  
Hot girl, accent those  
Dressed with stones, nigga caress my toes  
Hoes wanna test my flows  
Bitch let me be  
I ain't chose the game ho  
The game chose me  
But yes froze me, rocks in my rosary  
Sippin' Don P, the bar on me  
All my girls drink Cris, think this  
You a courdoroy ho, I'mma a mink bitch  
So go on 'bout your business  
Lick nuts, drink dicks  
Your old tired ass, still draggin', freak bitch  
Who's bad?  
So I stay fitted  
You wanna test Trina  
Come on play with it  
I know y'all wanna take my place  
Cause I'm cute in the face  
Phat in the ass, slim in the waist, uh  
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You need to pop a few  
While y'all niggas spittin' the glock  
I be ticklin' twat  
Triplin' knots to see the villas and yachts  
Call all the killas ya got

Bitches I'll clock a kill if I drop  
Drink for my cot, cop me a Linc and a drop  
Makin' a rock, and same day drill up your block  
But on the flip side, why ya hate me?  
Cause I'm gettin' head in England  
No wedding ring band  
Out the XL I creep in the four dot six van  
Leave you in the dirt like it's quicksand  
You mad cause you never brawl like you a six man  
What is you foolish?  
Hit you with the metal leave you clueless  
Now you on the dash like Stacey  
All actin' crazy, cause your main bitch wanna masturbate me  
Do me R. Kelly, drink half my babies  
Go ahead bitch, indulge, taste it, still hate me  
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